Balt. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles, as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Balt. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maſter, one that you loue,
Fri. Who is it?
Balt. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Balt. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Goe with me to the Vault.
Balt. I dare not Sir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then ile goe alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.
Balt. As I did ſleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreampt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah, what an vnkind houre
Is guilt'e of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.
Iuli. O comfortable *Frier*, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away.

Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſter-hood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come, goe good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.

Exit.

Iuli. Goe get thee hence, for I will not away,
Whats here? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath beene his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drinke all, and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happly ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy *and Watch.*

Watch. Leade boy, which way?
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger.
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloody, ſearch about the Churchyard.
Goe ſome of you, who ere you find, attach.
Pittifull ſight, here lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
Who here hath laine theſe two dayes buried,
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*.
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes doe lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeos *man.*

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chiefe Watch. Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, *and another Watchman.*

3. *Watch.* Here is a *Frier* that trembles, ſighes, and weepes.